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THE GRAVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The twilight, and I stand beside her grave!
The air is still, but its warm breath
Has all the feeling, cold earth wants. Alas,
That human sadness has no language!
And that its deepest sighs can but increase
The chill desolation of mourning eyes!

Oh, she
Was beautiful as some bright, winged dream
That wanders down from Eden's banned bowers,
And her young heart was pure as the first love
Of dreaming bird or sinless. Pleasant like
Oft pass'st on eve before the hallowed spot—
Thou'st this blue shadows o'er our paths, or hear
From the soft edges of a neighbor cloud,
And hearken to them, but rarely sense
Like her so beautiful our looms and hearths:
With their abiding anther.

I see her now,
Her blue eye flowing in love's clear light,
Her young cheek bright as an unstained gem,
Her red lip parted in their mirth, her curls
Running like sunshine from each innocence,
Her light step bounding o'er the summer flowers
In very joyousness, as if she were
A spirit of the morning or a note
That murmurs of the air—and now she lies
Cold in the earth, and we are left to weep
And love, and hopeless, to dream upon
In deep and dark decay! Oh, can it be
That Spring, with her soft skies, will come again,
And lay her warm breath over her sodden
And warm from this earth, and send her streams
Leaping and singing to the sea, and fill
The air with her thousand melodies,
Of bird and breeze, and green and waterfall,
And not Jewel but one be not here?
With us the glories of the natural year,
And these her singing minstrels—with all
The harmonies of nature in her joy?

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

AUTHOR OF "GLEN, THE RED-ROBBER;" "RED GAUNTLET OR MARTIN;" "GLADYS, THE QUEEN;" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BOTTLE OF WINE.

As the Jew entered, he approached the judge and placed something in his hand. It had a jingling sound, like silver or gold, and the eyes of the legal magistrate sparkled as he felt of it to feel its weight.

"It's no use!" whispered Makomal, being near enough to Jack to place his lips close to his ear. "The Jew has paid him for his time!"

Jack had seen the movement, and he knew the meaning.

"I thought the fellow was afraid of the judge when I threatened to expose him," said the prisoner, in the same low tone.

"Because he knows very well that the judge would hang him with much joy if he could, and thus get all his gold."

At this juncture the court announced that the trial would commence, and then he asked the prisoner if he could speak their language. Jack shook his head. An interpreter was then called for, and Makomal volunteered.

The Jew was called upon to tell his story first; and as he told it the interpreter translated it to Jack. He commenced by informing the court that some days before the prisoner came to his place to sell a lot of stuff which he believed, prisoner had stolen somewhere. But he bought it, and in paying for it copped his gold. On the previous night —near the midnight hour—the prisoner came to his shop with a loaded pistol in his hand, and tried to rob him, and would have done so had not the officers arrived in season.

After this the officers who arrested the prisoner were called up, and they each and all corroborated how they found the prisoner about robbing the Jew, but they also told how he tried to kill himself.

Then Jack was informed through his interpreter that he might give him anything he had to tell. He told the Orn that he was not his own judgment and not as much, or as little, of his story as he pleased. Makomal said he should tell it all. So he turned to the court and related all the circumstances of his Jew's detaining the prisoner in the first trade, and of his nocturnal visit, and half-accomplished robbery.

The Jew heard the story through, and then started up in wild feigned astonishment. He immediately called on his wife, who came forward and swore that her husband was not out of the house on the night before.

This was sufficient. The Judge informed Jack that he was guilty, and that he would be hanged to a tree the very next day. In cases of murder of grand larceny, where there was "breaking and entering," and in all cases of robbery accompanied by deadly threats, this judge could sentence to death if he pleased.

"It will do no good to say anything more," said Makomal. "If you had more gold than the Jew has you could buy your life, but it's of no use now!"

The judge waited to hear no more. He simply bade the soldiers carry the prisoner back and lock him up, and then he dismissed the people. It was a very short, summary, and simple trial. Those who had come to witness it were perfectly satisfied with all except the time set for the hanging. They would have liked it much better had the hanging been done at once, so they could have entertainment for that day as well as for the morrow. However, they would be on good sight when it did come, so they went away in live on anticipation.

Meanwhile Jack Wallace was led back to his cell, followed by a crowd of natives of all ages and conditions, who howled and hooted, and threw dirt and rotting vegetables at him, till he was shielded by the walls of the prison. Makomal had followed him, and as he had acted as interpreter he claimed the privilege of seeing if the condemned man had any message to leave behind him for the boy who had been with him. The officers made no objections, though they insisted upon being present, as their duties became more strict now that the prisoner was condemned.

"I don't know that there is any friendship between us," said the Orn, as he entered the cell, where the soldiers remaining at the door.

"No, no," returned Jack, mournfully. "I shan't need friends much more. Aren't they goin' to double the guard now?"

"Yes—and more than that," said Makomal. "They are going to two more double 'fits.' The prisoner is under sentence to die they put on four soldiers. There will be four men about the place all night."

Jack sank back aghast! He had hoped that one man might be evaded, or overcome, or something; but how should four of them be circumvented? He had found that the guard was to be increased from what he could understand of the conversation he had heard.

"There's no help for it!" the poor fellow cried, clasping his hands. "I'd better have died at sea, and been buried in the old ocean than to hang, than be hung by three bloody weasels! But I won't lead you with my complaints. Tell Bion he's a noble boy, she—tell him to get away as soon as he can. Tell him if he ever knows Jewel again to go and find my poor old mother. Tell him to tell her I died! Oh! for God's sake, don't leave her know how I died! Do you mind that?"

"Yes. I'll tell him."

"He'll know where to find her. He wrote a letter for me once. You'll help him off, sir?"

"Yes, yes—but don't you give up all hope yet. Hold on till morning."

"What's the use? To-morrow's—and between now and then one night! Hark—say—— Will you do one more thing? Will you be by my side to-morrow? Will you bring me a drink? They won't have my life! I'll give it up with my own hand to the God that gave it to me! You will try to do this?"

"I will do all I can, my friend. But I must leave you now. Keep up your heart while you can. The boy is very much—what you call it? Got great knowledge for boy. I will help him."

The prisoner uttered his thanks once more, and then the interpreter moved back.

"What else do you want?" asked one of the officers.

"He says there is a boy somewhere who was with him."

"Ayo—and we've been trying to find him," cried the officer. "Did the prisoner tell you where he was?"

"No. He don't know. He wants me to find him and give him a message to carry home to his mother."

"Well—you find him, and then let us know, for we want to give him a message, too. Jew Abies says says the young dog is a thief, too."

Makomal gave an evasive answer, and then hurried off. He reached his home, and there himself into a swing.

"Don't ask me anything," he cried, impatiently and nervously, as the boy moved towards him. "I've got a very good thought. I can see! Hold on!"

The host bowed his head, and covered his face with both hands; and then he remained for full half-an-hour. At the end of that time he started up and took three or four turns around the room. Then he sat down by the boy's side, and looking him earnestly in the face he said:

"Bion, my—*Ringash enomah bookshi wiwee-kan mahemah!*"

The boy tried to repeat the odd sentence, but he broke down at the second word. However, Makomal spoke it again, this time more slowly—and so on, a second and third time, until at length Bion could repeat the words very well.

"That is the Benanine language," said the host, but I say it just as one of my own people would call it. And now I want you to learn enough of this so that you can carry on quite a good talk. I am going to sell—*Wa ee-ya* you will say to reply—*I am a poor servant from the river.* Then I will say—*What ye got there?* and you will tell me—*It is good old wine for the Jew Abraham, which I am going to sell to him.* Then I shall say—*Let me drink!* and you will answer—*You must pay me for it, for it is very nice old wine.* And some more, too. Can Bion learn it?"

"Is it to help Jack?" cried the boy, eagerly.

"It may come to it."

"O, yes! I can learn anything if I have time." "We shall have all day, and a part of the night."

Then Makomal told Bion all about the trial and the sentence.

"But keep up a good heart," he added, as he saw Bion grow pale. "I know that you can very well."

"There are four of them!" gasped the boy, in agony.

"Never mind, I say, I know them. They are the genuine thieves in the world. They are almost as bad as the judge himself. Should you be found by them with a stain of blood on you, they'll have it if it belonged to the king. Keep up a good heart, and listen to me."

The two then moved away by themselves, while the hostess prepared dinner, and consumed, also, the hours. Bion, of the latter sort, to teach Bion to pronounce with the peculiar idiom of the Orse, for that the Benanine would not be so apt to detect his spurious character. By the time dinner was ready the little fellow could talk with a precision that fairly astonished the man.

Bion was naturally quick at learning; but now that great interest might be the means of saving the life of the man who had more than saved his, he learned as it with a zeal which promised to quickly give him the mastery of all that he needed.

After dinner they went at it again, and before the hour for supper arrived the pupil could bring his tongue to the support of his colored skin and his blanket very effectively. He could pronounce and understand all that his teacher had at first thought it best to say, and which, possessed in short, Makomal studied up every possible question and answer which could in any way legitimately come into play under the projected circumstances, and the boy learned them all. The latter acted as the interpreter between them; and then the thing was reversed. Bion aiding the questions, and the former answering them. Then Makomal compounded questions, mixing them up, and the boy understood them, and answered them promptly, thereby showing that he understood what he had learned.

By the supper-hour the lessons were still practised; and finally that part of the work was set aside for the present.

"You might go to the judge himself," cried the host, looking proudly upon his scholar. "You can speak much better, what you do speak, than the Jew Abraham can."

After they had eaten supper Makomal bade Bion remain behind while he went out to see an old Arab who sold drugs and medicines. He was not gone long, however—not over half an hour—and when he returned he was all prepared for the rest of the work. He had procured one of the most powerful and subtle opiates he could find, the Arab thought having prepared it in the form of liquid. The host brought forth a large leathern bottle, holding about a gallon, which was already nearly filled with choice old wine. Into this he poured the opiate, and then gave the whole a good shaking.

"Now, my son," he said, turning to Bion, "we are nearly ready to set out. I must fix you a little."

The fixing consisted only in putting on a larger blanket and fastening a pair of heavy sandals to the feet. After this the two set out, talking a sound-about way where few people were in the habit of travelling. The moon was not yet up, but the stars were all out, and the atmosphere was clear and cool.

On the way Makomal had the boy rehearse his part, but he found him thoroughly posted up. He not only remembered every word, but he understood the meaning as well that no amount of cross-questioning could perplex him.

At length they reached a point from whence they could see the walls of the low prison, and here they stopped.

"Now," said Makomal, "you must go on alone. You know how to act."

"Yes, sir. Very well."

"Then go; and I will remain here. If you have any need you only to give the signal, and I will come, no matter what may be the danger."

Bion stepped to hear no more. He crossed over the way, and then moved on; and when he reached the open space before the prison he sat down upon a stone and gave a deep sigh of fatigue. There were two sentinels before the building, and no sooner had the boy stopped than they moved towards him.

"Hallo—who are you?" asked one of the soldiers, speaking in the Benanine tongue.

"I am poor Polovie, come from the mountains to get a few pistoles for my master," returned Bion, without hesitation or mistake.

"Ha—he's Orse-boy!" responded one of the men to his companion. And then turning to the lad he added:

"Where are you going to get your pistoles?"

"I am going to sell some very nice old wine which my master made in his cellar."

"What's going to buy it?"

"I shall carry it to the Jew Abraham."

"Ah—old wine—for the Jew! Has he engaged it of you, boy?"

"He told me, good sirs, the last time I was here, that when I brought any more wine as good as I had then, to be sure and bring it directly to him."

"Ah—the old dog! He knows what good wine is. But I'm a judge, my boy. Now—let me taste. I'll tell you what sort of stuff it is."

"I will pay you for it, sir."

"Pay fiend! What—for only a taste! Well and see how much I drink—"

The boy quickly understood the whole of this, but he knew enough to warrant his answering:

"O, sirs—I must not let it go without pay."

"Well, well,—we'll talk about pay after we see what the wine is. Come—hand it up."

With much seeming reluctance Bion handed up the bottle, and the soldier raised it to his lips.

"Ah-ah-ah!" he gasped, at the end of a long pull, "that is wine. By the big-headed spirit, it's nice."

Then speaking he handed it to his companion, and while the latter was drinking the other two soldiers came out from the prison. They had heard the sound of a strange voice, and they came to see what was going on. As soon as they smelt the wine they were exceedingly wily.

"It is good?" asked one.

"The best I ever tasted," answered another.

"Oh! Good sirs!" cried Bion, imploringly, "You'll ruin me if you drink my wine without paying me! Where are my pistoles, good sirs sir?"

"How many piastres did you think of getting?"

"Three for that wine."

"Then you wait. Here—pass it this way. By the four gods of Tamaleon, but this is grand wine!"

So the soldiers drank, while the boy begged and implored. But it was of no avail. The reckless fellows had got a taste of the Jew's old beverage, and they would not give it up. They drank, one after another, several times each, until once half the wine was gone, when they passed the large bottle over to the owner, and bade him hurry on.

"But you will pay me for the wine you have drank, sirs?"

"Yes. We'll pay you then: We'll let you off with your life. But if we any another word to us; or if you make any complaints to anybody, we will put you in prison and hang you!"

Bion understood enough of this to know that some threat was made, and without further remark he turned away. He would not have dared to stop long, at any rate, as he knew the orders would begin to do its work soon. But he placed one hand to his eyes, and gave a piteous groan as he went away.

At a safe distance the boy stopped and concealed himself behind some bushes; there to await the moment when he could fly to the assistance of his friend. He could hear the voices of the sentry soldiers, and he understood enough to know that they were joking at his expense. His their pistoleation was not so much a joke as it might have been for he listened as it eagerly, noting each falling tone, and counting the moments of their passing; time with strange and trembling anxiety, each one bringing him nearer to the noble, generous man whose life he would save.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BOAT AND OARS.

Gradually the voices of the four soldiers grew low and indistinct, until they died away altogether. Bion listened attentively for some minutes after the sounds had ceased, and then he moved cautiously towards the prison; and when he had reached the angle of the narrow court he stopped to look again. But he heard nothing. At the corpit nearer he thought he saw two dark forms stretched upon the ground on each side of the door, and upon advancing he found them to be two of the native beasts in a state of utter unconsciousness and helplessness. He took courage from this, and hastened into the long, narrow hall.

At the further end he descended a large, square Chinese lantern, within which burned a single candle, the only light enough to reveal the fact that dead still hall was a very dark place. Aye—it did a dark place, for it showed the four soldiers, as those by the door, stretched out upon the hard pavement, their breathing proving beyond doubt that they were about as good as dead as one so far as duty was concerned. Bion remembered the words, and he bounded forward with a joyful exultation. He only saw that the four soldiers were out of the way—he stopped to listen for no one else.

The door of the cell was not locked by a key. It had a bolt and a chain. The former was drawn back without difficulty, and the latter was cast down full as easily. Then the door was thrown open, and the boy leaped into the cell.

"Jack! Good Jack!"

"Hist!"

"Yes—it is Bion! Come! Where are you? Oh! I had to do this for you, for you are good Jack——"

By this time the boy was clasped in the old sailor's arms, and in a moment more the former was out of the door with the prisoner.

"Be they dead?" asked the freed man; as he saw the soldiers opened out upon the stone floor.

"No—they are not dead. They fell only as all about it when we got away. Come! This way, Jack."

The boy took his friend's hand as he spoke—took it without a word the man said or did—and then hurried on. At the nearest corner they found Makomal, and as soon as he had embraced the excited rescuer, he led the way towards his own dwelling, which was reached without hindrance of any kind.

It was but little past nine o'clock when the three sought the host's cot; and as the good wife had a hearty supper all ready for them.

"Now, Jack," said Makomal, "you must sit down and eat, and while you do it, I will be getting something ready for you to take along with you. You have but very little time to lose, for, an hour, perhaps, the other officers will go to the prison; and then they will begin to hunt for you pretty soon."

"We must take to the water," returned Jack, digging away at his supper.

"The boat you said is at the water's edge. The Jew Abraham has boats of it."

"Ha! Has he?" cried the old sailor, starting. "And is it where we can get it?"

"Yes, my friend. It is the Jew's, and it is where you can easily take it. He bought it this very afternoon of the Portuguese Captain for two hundred piastres. I heard of it when I went out to the Arab druggist's."

"Two hundred piastres!" exclaimed Jack, indignantly. "Then he ought to have it. Why—that wouldn't pay for the outcome in her sails. Tweedle's begin to! By the frozen nose of Peter, but I'll have that boat—full of that old rascal, my boy!"

The fugitive cut his supper as quickly as possible, and then took an old blanket from his bed, and threw it over his shoulders, which blanket

BION AND JACK WALLACE ARRANGING FOR A VOYAGE WITH THE STRANGER CAPTAIN.

was meant to give him a settle look in the gloom. A feathery bottle was filled with wine, and a small bag of meal and bread, as also with the same in the hand Makonal led the way from the hut. Him took an affectionate farewell of the dumb beast, and it cost him a pang to drop her hand; but the others were already gone, and with a single God's blessing upon the generous woman he hurried away.

With long, quick strides the two men moved on, the boy being obliged to strike into a trotting pace in order to keep up. They had left a few articles of clothing at the hut, but of course they thought not of stopping for them. They passed around by the edge of the town, and when they reached the place where the boat was fast, they judged it to be not far from two o'clock. In a very short time—in perhaps a few minutes—the relief would go to the priest; so there was no time to be wasted.

Jack knew the old boat in a moment. It was made fast to a small post at the end of a rough stone pier, and was afloat, which fact circumstance relieved Jack's mind considerably, as he had feared it might be sunk and dry in the mud. The mast was stepped, and the sails clumsily furled; everything belonging to her being on board, even to the oars.

"Now," said Makonal, speaking quickly and distinctly, and with much energy, "You have the sea before you. I am almost very sure you will find some great ship at Mahola. That is two hundred miles south of here—just about two hundred. One hundred miles from here is the town of Kaimore, where ships sometimes stop. You might look in there. If the wind is right you will have fair reaching to carry you to Mahola. You know all the rest better than I do. No thanks—you have no time. Only this: you may need sugar. Your God will take care of you. I have faith in the same power!—Him—speak to your master, and be just what you are now. Good bye!"

With a wide embrace the generous Creole turned upon his heel as he ceased speaking and strode away. Both Jack and Him gazed after him a moment—they gazed until his dark form was lost in the gloom—and then they cast off the painter and leaped into the boat. There was considerable surf to clear at hand, and so there were other boats; but no one came to molest the two fugitives. The boat's head was pushed off—the furling-lines cast loose—the sails hoisted—and in a few moments more they were standing out from the harbor with a good fresh breeze upon the larboard beam.

"Hark it!" uttered Him, as he pointed out the headland of the harbor, which was in reality at the mouth of the river, "Did you hear that bird?"

"Aye, me boy. Myself I should think all the beings of the dark isle had gone to their loos!"

It was a wild yell which had first broken upon their ears, and after it came a succession of loud and shrieks that made the air ring.

"It's the 'natural savages,' said the old sailor, as he gave the helm a skew to windward. "Ease off the main-sheet, Him.—Steady.—so.—Belay Now the jib.—That's it—that's the way.—It's they cursed savage, me boy. They've missed me. Hi!"

With a fearful shout and a frightful frenzy, We're bound for the sea-coast!

Aye, me boy—they've disklovered my absence. But we've well nigh safe now."

The wind was from the northward, and as the boat had it now very near aft, she bounded over the sea swiftly, soon carrying the two fugitives beyond the noise of the startled troopers.

"Now Him—you might tell me how ye managed to upset them sogers," said Jack, after all was snug, and the course was laid.

The boy commenced from the time of his going to bed for the last time at the inn, and related all that he had seen, and heard, and done, down to the present. He told how he pondered and studied on the morning after his friend's disappearance—how he sought Makonal—how that individual went at once into the work of helping them; and so on, even unto all the talk that had taken place.

The moon had arisen while Him was relating his story, and as the soft breeze and the waves bore Jack's face they were reflected by the bright tear-drops that were trickling down his cheeks.

"Him—my boy!" he uttered, trembling with emotion, "O—God knows I love ye! I do love ye, Him! You're a noble boy fellow. Blow me if I wouldn't love to die for ye!"

"So, so, Jack."

"I say, you me boy! And if I can't die for ye, I hope when I do die ye will be near enough to be drow'd on your stout breast! I shan't die at home. I don't never stay at my mother's long enough to do it."

"You may, Jack."

"Don't know 'bout that, me boy. It'll take a good while for this tough old thing to die if he won't kilted. But that aren't the thing. How shall I ever pay ye, Him, for what ye've done for me?"

"Pay me?" returned the boy, with deep feeling. "I shouldn't think you'd talk so, Jack. Only think what you've done. Who would ha' come from a most terrible death?"

"Ah,—well—but I couldn't 'a' used ye killed, Him?"

"Nor could I there soon you killed, Jack."

But you wouldn't 'a' left me, would ye, 'cause you could save mate's away?"

"And what should I have left you after you were hung, Jack? What would have become of poor Him Howard?"

"Well, well,—we are kind of tied up in one bundle, aren't we? Pull out one, and it will have the bundle to come after it. Now, then, we are sure to tumble out, too. But all I've got to say is, 'I'm proud of my mate.'"

"So am I," cried Him, heartily. "And then we'll have to let it rest. We've been born of sorrow to each other, and I hope we'll always be so if there's need. I love you, Jack, for you've always been good to me. Oh—I shall never forget that morning when you came to Aunt Margery's for Him—you and poor Nol Anderson!"

"Poor Nol!" parenthesized Jack. "He was a good sailor, and a good mate! God rest his soul!"

"Amen!" responded Him. And then he remained.

I remember how I started when I heard your voice, and how sharply I looked at you. Then I knew I was to sail in the ship you, I talked to me if you had a kind face. I was sure you had. I then wondered if you would be up to the ship, and yet I did not feel fully persuaded till after I got on board. Then I remember how I put my hands in yours—Don't you remember? I was almost frightened by the strange look the sailors gave me. You came and asked me if I was home-sick. I told you how I felt. Then I put my hands in yours—and I asked you, 'Won't you be good to me? Won't you take care of me, and tell me how to do my duty?'

"Aye!" cried Jack, enthusiastically. "I remember it very well. And what did I tell ye?"

"You swore, by the Blessed Mother, that you would keep me under convoy,—that while you had a crust I should have part of it,—and that—you'd be good and protect me always while you had life. And you have Jack. Oh! I didn't dream then how strangely and closely we should be bound together in the days to come."

"In course ye didn't, me boy. Nobody only God could 'a' told that then. And now, Him, we'll keep the faith, won't we? We'll stay just what we are while both of us live?"

"We will, Jack?"

The two fugitives placed their right hands together, and though no audible sound was uttered, yet the bright moon beams, as they danced in the wake-lights upon the boat's quarter, revealed the depth and fervor of their feelings.

After some time spent in thought, Him wondered if their enemies might not yet find out their upon the water. Said he—

"Jack, you know the boat; and if they do, won't they take a swift craft and pursue us?"

"In course they will, me boy. But what kind of a craft can they take? They hain't got a craft in their port as will outsail mine—only some sort of a day's rockets' of our heels! Ala—there aren't no danger there."

"Ala!" repeated Him from them."

"Sartin, me boy. Safe enough from everything behind us; but what's ahead, we don't know much about."

"All that was so! What was to come, they could not tell. On a strange ocean; by the coast of a savage land; bound for a certain town, to be sure, but with no certainty of finding it; and, moreover, only those two, their boat the only home for them on the wide waters, and their little stock of provisions, is it a wonder that, for a while, they gave themselves up to sad and gloomy thoughts?

The wind held fresh and steady through the night, and Jack was sure they ran of an average of nine knots an hour. Once or twice they found themselves opposite a village of low, barbarous huts, but no attempts were made by a large boat put out in chase. She was manned by twelve men, each with an oar, and for a while the gazed upon her over Yankees; but Jack put his helm a-starboard and put out to sea, and ere long afterwards lost sight of her.

During the day the wind held fair, simply veering a little to the eastward. Jack knew that the boat's larboard quarter, which was better than while it had been astern. They passed several small sweeping at a respectable distance, but left no sail save their own. They had no occasion to put either to sea or land, and they determined to stand on.

"How will you know when you reach Mahola?" asked Him, just as the sun was sinking in the west.

"O—that's my enough," returned Jack. "Since ten o'clock last night we've made an average of nine knots an hour. That's sixty miles. Let's see—it's about three-and-thirty hours to reach Mahola. The wind's got to change, or we must reach it; and it can't be sure not to run by it after morning. If it hold as it's a-blowing now, we'll be there about the time the port afore it's or sweet o'clock to-morrow. Yes it's now, don't ye?"

"Yes," he replied.

As soon as it was dark, Him persuaded Jack to lie down and get a little sleep. For the latter he was worn and weary, and having given the boy a star to steer by and the promise to call him at once as soon as another certain star had gone from sight, he lay down upon an after thwart, and was soon asleep.

At the appointed time, Jack awoke of his own accord, and found Him fast asleep at the helm. He was loth to disturb him, and so he would; and after this, the boy lay down and took a turn at steering, during which he performed very well at that time.

When daylight broke again, they were out of sight of land, and the breeze had died away to a light and variable one. Towards the middle of the forenoon, however, it freshened up a few hours, when they knew must be Mahola. They put in their best efforts to get there in good season, and bound for Port Natal, where Jack knew there was a British settlement. The captain of the wood was a stranger to him, but the mate, who had been a native woman of Caffraria, and could talk a little English. He was well known to Jack as a fair man; in addition to this, gave him a fine passage.

The run to Port Natal was made in six days, and soon after our two wanderers found themselves among people who could speak their language. They had stood off and on during the night, for stock of clothing consisted of what they wore upon their backs, and had succeeded in satisfying the last signs of the status which the good Ora woman had put upon his skin, though at one time he was fearful he would have to wear it off by re-dyeing it. Of course, the two could not live long in idleness, especially since they had no present use of clothing; so they began to look round at once for an opportunity to get some employment on board some craft. They hoped they had seen the worst of that voyage; but an evil star was rising to serve them falsely for a season.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WILD STAG.

Jack Wallace and Him had been seven days at Port Natal, without having found an opportunity to better their condition. They were not exactly in a sort of tavern, kept by the widow of a Scotch seaman, and though the charges were quite reasonable, yet they had seen nearly the last of their money. Jack, however, was the owner of a good suit, and the rest had been gradually dropping away, until only a solitary dollar remained.

"What shall we do?" asked Him, as he gazed upon a Spanish dollar which his companion held in his rough hand.

They were in their room at the tavern. A rough room it was, surely; but then it was as good as the night chamber of a palace.

"I don't know," returned Jack. "The landlady won't keep us for the solid—that's plain; and as for work, there don't seem to be any. If there was, we could get nothing to do it."

At this moment a rap was heard at the door. Jack opened it, and the hostess made her appearance. She was a short, stout woman, of the Dutch woman, with a squint in the eye, that had always a look for some-body.

"There be a man wud ase ye, Johnny, below," she said, "yersel and the boy. Dye ken him?"

"Who is he?"

"I dinna ken, save he be wel rigged, an' has the look of a capt'n."

At this Jack started up, and calling for Him to follow him, he hastened below, where he found a man in question. With an instinctive habit, which even growing circumstances could not change, Jack the old sailor ran his eyes over the stranger before he spoke.

He was a tall, muscular man, of the middle age; not large in frame, but yet powerfully built; with black, curly hair and beard, the latter being unshaven and sunburn; features of considerable comeliness; and an eye like an eagle's—black as night, and piercing as an electric spark. He was a good-looking man, and dressed very neatly in a sort of naval undress; but he had no weapons—at least, in sight. He gave a searching glance at both man and boy, and then spoke:

"You are the two who wish to find a ship?" His speech at once told that he was English.

"Aye, sir," returned Jack. "We've been rather misfort'n'd, and just now find ourselves clean high an' dry, with empty lockers and no credit."

"Well," returned the stranger, "I'll be plain with you. My name is Luke Warton—Captain Luke Warton, if you please. I have the command of a fine brig, and am now bound for the Atlantic. I want two hands, and I'll take you. I have had some of my crew, and want hands. I'll pay you what you're worth."

"Ship, sir?" said Jack, with a bow and a scrape. "I'm an able seaman, sir. I can do my duty on deck, aloft, or at the helm. And the boy—sir or in foul. As for Him Bernard here, sir, you can judge something by his looks. But if you'll take my word for it, he's a smart boy, and will do his duty like a man."

"Courage is a good thing, in some cases," returned the captain; "but does he understand anything of the duties of a boy?"

"Yes, sir. He can furl a rysl as quick, and as neat as any other boy; and he can steer, too, sir."

"Ah—ah!" said the captain. "He can steer?"

"Why—I s'pose we'll have to leave that to you, sir. I don't know what you'll be willin' to pay for just a home'ld-bound ran."

"All that was to be seen to," said the captain, "after we get to sea. But as

WHAT THOUGH ILL BETIDE US.

A Song.

BY C. D. STUART.

O, what though ill beside us,
If those we love are nigh,
To smooth the brow of sorrow
And calm the heaving sigh?
One loving smile will lighten
The clouds of darkest fate,
One kind word will bring us
Again a sunless hour's date.

The darkest storm that sadness
Ere cast upon the heart,
When love is there to cheer us,
Will have no cruel hot breast;
No weight of woe can crush us
If those we love are near,
To soothe the drooping spirit
And dry the falling tear.

Our best and brightest treasures,
Our tasks for every pain,
Is in the hearts that love us—
A kindred and gentle word,
And with that clasp to guard us—
A charmed and shining world—
O, what though ill betide us,
We've love to make us blest.

WOODMAN'S TEARS.

BY CLARA DUTHOIT.

Charles Woodman's father was determined that his only son should live through a comfortable, if not a *moneyed*, and nothing else. It eluded not a jot or the paternal resolution that all the tastes, instincts and aptitudes of that son were to be such as of course that he was a dreamer from his cradle; and that his sensitive heart and beauty-loving eye had looked longingly toward art as a profession, and yearned for the freedom of it as the feet of the turn, bowing to her as the teacher of the truest and highest art. Such notions were all for shelved—as, we were about to say, they should be. Though Charles Woodman's father; and, in consistency with this idea, Charley was discouraging, in every possible way, from indulging in his passionate longing to draw and paint.

At one time it was discovered by Mr. Woodman that his son had constructed a little studio for himself, in the garret. A row of empty barrels and a drapery of cast-off coats, pantaloons and dresses, had been arranged so as to divide the apartment off from the rest of the vast rubbish-room. Behind this screen, Mr. Woodman found, on the bare wall, such numberless curious sketches and pictures, created by the help of charcoal and burned sticks, and various colors. The coarse but well-meaning father burst into one of his most objectionable horse laughs at the sight before him. This seemed to be the first hint of company that reached Charley, who, absorbed in a blissful reverie of the glorious things which he hoped to create, sat smiling to himself as he drew.

At the sound of his father's laugh, the child sprang up in painful confusion. Very well he knew he could expect little sympathy or delicacy of pity from his sire. Blushing and trembling, he obeyed the order to come down at once, and his heart-strung were the tears which he shed as his father proceeded at once to demolish the screen. The charcoal and paints were pitched out at the low window, and the pictures gathered to make food for paper-boiler stain.

"Come along down, and stop your whimpering. You may thank yourself very lucky to get a sound hiding to pay for this. So this is the place where you made yourself comfortable when you was needed to do anything below. Well, well —there will be no more of such work."

Mr. Woodman was great for telling Charley how near he was always coming to being whipped, but as to actually whipping the poor boy, the farmer would as soon have whipped his wife.

But no blows could have hurt Charley more cruelly than did the jests and scoffs which his mistaken and unappreciating parents bestowed upon his unfortunate pictures. Their treatment almost broke his heart. As soon as ever he could get possession of the offensive productions, he hurried them all out of sight, in the full intention of destroying them. This, however, he had not the resolution to carry through, and he ended the matter by folding them carefully in a large sheet, and hiding them away in the bottom of his chest. With the closing of the chest-lid over them, there closed up in the breast of Charley the brightest and the fairest nook in his young being; and stifled within it were all the most cherished, fondest dreams of his imaginative boyhood. They never again came forth to life or sight.

It was never without a pang that the eye of the boy fell upon those pictures. In looking for anything in its chest, if his hand accidentally touched them it caused him to sigh; but never again was he known to touch pencil or paint, or to make with a line of making a likeness of anything in the heaven above or in the earth beneath.

As he grew towards manhood, he experienced intense longings for an education—for a liberal education. He used to confess to himself. Studying was his great delight, and he ventured now and then to express his wish to his father. But that worthy gentleman, having made his own fortune with no more extensive education than the common school afforded, could see no reason on earth why his son should wish to shut himself up for three or four years more at school or college. He "pooh-ed" at the idea so very contemptuously, that poor Charley was afraid to say the least word, and settle down upon the idea of being nothing in the world but a farmer, he could enjoy. And so he gave himself to his father's wish, grew up, and became a merchant. His delighted sire furnished him with a goodly stock of goods, and a large and handsome supply of money—indeed, before either father or son fairly knew what they were about, nearly the whole fortune of the former was invested in a dashing business. Mr. Woodman knew as much about mercantile economy as if he had spent his days in *tatters*; and so for Mr. Woodman, Jr. As was most as well calculated for that kind of life and endeavor, as a sailor is to make steam engines. No prophet was needed to foretell the end of such a merchant's career. Three years told the whole story—with the hardest sort of labor, and the most anxious care all things persisted in going wrong; and by the time that Charles Woodman's regiment had seen its little children, his health was fast failing, his spirits going with it, and his father's fortune going with both. As an orphan, and his father's fortune going with both. As an orphan, and his father's fortune going with both. As an orphan

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875.

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NEW-YORK AS IT IS.

DOOMED TARTARS.

After many centuries of fruitful peace, whose history, however pagan, so-called, shames the blood-stained record of many feudal and baptized Christian nations, a violent revolution is creeping over the "Flowery Land," threatening to involve its last exclusive barrier and open its very heart to the gaze and traffic of the whole world. The empire of order, whose sovereign edicts in other days, were regarded by two hundred millions of souls as the voice of God, is given over to the disorder; law veil of isolation in rest, and from the wall which she vainly built to stay the fierce Tartar, to the Indo-Chinese sea, has fallen in countless tumbles towards her doom. The "Tenth Year" of Tien-tsih, "celestial peace," has ended, and overwhelm her temples and her gods.

Tien-tsih, the rebel, "Brother of Christ," by his own modest assumptions, copes with the "Constancance of Heaven," as the Emperor of China is named, and with triumphant force carries slaughter and ruin from province to province. Imperiality flies, in the person of its high officers, like chaff before him; great cities that date their origin past the era of the Christian, upon their gates and the clear lines seems to be that the power of the Tartar dynasty is broken, and that China is to be again ruled by sovereign native to the soil, and not by aliens.

To those who are posted in the history of the Chinese, this revolution is no strange thing. The present princes of China, the Manchus, are known as the "Celestial" throne through conquest, in the seventeenth century, and have held it since then upon the ruins of the Ming dynasty. The Manchu mountainous province of one or two provinces were never conquered by the Chinese. Therefore, by virtue of their nature, their warlike character and their prowess, the Tartars are, in every way to get our paper is at the book and periodical stores: but if your newsman does not have it, send to us, and you can send as two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

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To be sure, in the absence of an vigorous detective system, and an individuality of responsibility, the record of the country's sins is not so palpable and indeed about—there is more escape behind covering professions and hypocrisy's cupolas, but the wickedness is, notwithstanding, none the less unpunished. In fact, of "evil" in all its large grave demands, without hesitation or prevarication. Aye, and the "Good" too, when it manifests itself, is more unswerving, without quailing, or other sign of confusion. Let all such additions as "pot-house," and "hasty pudding" be taken out, and it is encouraged as unbecoming, because not needful to the consideration of this subject. Indeed, if any confidence than to strengthen it, because indicating a consciousness of power and unflinching faithfulness.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, at the year 1875, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"SHUT UP YOUR MOUTH."

This angry sentence from a woman's lips to a little child—to her own child! How disgusting—how shocking—you exclaim. Ah, it is very well for you, with correct views and calm nerves, to sit in judgment on the speaker. It is very well for us, who need take no thought for the morrow, to be full of benevolent, sanctified sweet words, and in our nicely adjusted balance.

But there are days when all has been telling—killing—to the very last straw, when the nerves are all quivering with a sense of suffering shudders and heats, and stoops and wrong, hour after hour, surrounded by children of all sorts and sizes, clamorous with childhood, and with unimagined force carries slaughter and ruin from province to province. Imperiality flies, in the person of its high officers, like chaff before him; great cities that date their origin past the era of the Christian, upon their gates and the clear lines seems to be that the power of the Tartar dynasty is broken, and that China is to be again ruled by sovereign native to the soil, and not by aliens.

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THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MARY FORREST.

"He being yet named flowers, 'as we think.'"

It was the gilding in and out of an angel; and then I saw the pure suffering, emitting as it did the aroma of rest—eat. Dear boy, Reuel! His little fair fingers had bonded them together—the flowers he loved best—and brought them to whisper to me, as they whispered mysteriously to him, of beauty and rest.

He was right. I was tired. Tired with my day's task; tired of medical fallacies, and the jargon of books;—pernicious essays, without one solid thought—green leaves of sentiment and fine flowers of metaphor, undulating to the movement of the serpent-principle beneath,—voluminous autobiographies, without a heart-throb—poetry, still stuck and cold—tired of friendship; tired of myself, tired of mockery!

And these flowers were to be my cur. I folded the little soft hand in mine, and kissed the large, blue, luminous eyes; and he was gone. But a holy influence stayed behind with the flowers. Reuel's presence had ministered unto me—and I rested.

Reuel is taking As rest now, down in the valley. His suffered much, and was very tired before he fell asleep. I remember his sweet voice uttering cadences low-bells and violets to lay above him for a rest and a monument. Dark days have come to me since then; and sometimes I have cast sorrowful about in the mist for a single star. But, in every case, the comforter stepped down to me, again the soft voice—invisible hands bring flowers and I rest.

Last night, they told me my beautiful friend was drowned. A June morning—a pleasant party—a sail-boat—a capsize—and the great-pitied Father's gone down—and gone up to the angels. When a friend departs from earth friendship is suddenly shut out, there cometh a shock—a hush, a chill. In that one direction we are alone—unsheltered. Our defence is lost—we are all in the place. The storms beat through the gap; the cold winds sweep in, and the unbroken sunbeams scorch and parch us. I felt hard and emotionless. My eyes were heavy and unfeelingly down the page I had been reading and came upon these words:

"——Why should we weep in part with those,
The soul secure we hear we shall meet again?
We we, we, cast our pilgrim staff away,
And wear our ready heads home."

Here was an answer of peace. Death is a sweet rest, a calm. The soft hand, the soft voice, the soft and the flowers were on my heart again; not

"Those we have, but the hopper has its own spot,"

but, with a gentle suggestion of healing its mute strings to a low, harmonious harmony. I could weep now; and the tears were blessed influxes. They nerve has its antidote. Earth is Heaven's with the handmaids of the beautiful; and he who ministers unto the beautiful is of his discontent is both weak and wicked.

The boy, Reuel, "sleeps well,"

"Where a morning streamlet dimples and sings,
And blossoming trees are the chosen,
And the whip-poor-will's note a memory brings
Of dampening dews and dying wings,
And a soft-lighting shadow below."

But the angel Reuel is always with us.

MOUNT VERNON.

Almost in sight of a Capital which bears the greatest of Republics, on all mortal names, lies Mount Vernon. It is an estate, named after a great English noble, but famed as the home of nearly half a century, of one who led Freedom's hosts to victory when Lords and Commons were silent humbled, and the Lion of an insolent despotism was made to trail its mane in the dust. Mount Vernon—and only the home, but the repository place of the best, the bravest, and the purest of mankind dead. Of that estate as of the memory of our race, who accomplished the supremest deeds of patriotism could desire—freedom of the country, the love of his countrymen, and the admiration of the world, without yielding to one temptation of power, or ambition, and with a character peerless among men; a character firmly established by its beauty in the light of God's brightness, and across which, night fitly be written by the finger of an angel:

"He loved his country and his God."

Yes, there lies Mount Vernon, and the dust of its most illustrious son, and the hallowed tomb of his companion on its soil. For half a century it has been visited there, and the hands of those noblest men Vandals have been silke rude; the one, by its genital decay of time, the other by the unsparing hand of Washington's home, and the other, by its sudden and impious defacements of both home and tomb. Hundreds and hundreds have long flocked over dwelling and tomb, since their great tenant has gone into the one and down in the other, and each day the sunshine has fallen on a nobler picture of meditation, and the shadow has perpetually deepened over a scene of grandeur and beauty. Mistakes has beaten back the Persian; Greece and Rome are but names of the past, and the country may be loosely scattered upon a soil saved from the Vandals, but, thanks to discriminating taste, to become in half a century a pilgrim upon a nation's character and name.

THE FRUITS OF SPECULATION.

We clip the following item of intelligence from the *Boston Daily Times*:

As one of the morning papers of Saturday allude to the fact that Mr. Ames had been a heavy loser by speculations in Pacific securities, we deem it proper to state that a rumor has been in circulation for the last few days that Oakes Ames, the brother of Oliver Ames, one of the publishers of the *Times*, and the President of the Nassau Bank, have recently met with losses.

Mr. McElrath's great fault was having "too many irons in the fire." It is true that a large portion of the interest of money in a paiein-medicine enterprise, in which he and the manager of one of the largest patent medicine establishments in the country, but the profits, the prospect, the spicy, and the brilliant, will, as usual, abound, and otherwise with most appetising variety.

Horace Greeley were killed in one week, lately, in the words of Christ and Columbus country, of the third.

WIT AND WISDOM.

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL—DETAILED EXTRACTS FOR THE LEDGER OF ALL DESCRIPTION.

MANY forms of matter, collies "Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay," are elevated and interesting reflections. For instance, grain and other substances of note, devoured by birds, are converted into meats, that subsequently become food for an observant people, the living of contraversies for the watching of the Lark, the song of the Thrush, and the full chorus of all the winged choristers that fare the summer air into melody.

An ingenious and amusing contemporary says it is curious that the more logs a creature has, the farther it is removed from any good behaviour. If a man has a centipede a beast, going on on six or eight, we cannot; if a tree grow to centipede a magnificent size, it is nothing better than a reptile; and if we embody as to be all feet, a polypus, exceedingly satisfactory alone as the dividing line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

It is remarkable, but, in our remarkable affluent wealth, we rarely take account with the wealthy who might be supposed the best qualified to impart the secret of acquisition, but rather lead ourselves to the delusions of the ragged and the starving, who are poverty in the most normal proof of their ignorance of the mystery. One must have the love of Midas to know to whom the touch of gold has stuck.

How men have a more ready excuse for their homage than the Grecian sage, who, being asked why philosophers attended on other kings, while men only served philosophers, replied, "because the latter know they want learning, and the former do not know enough to know they want wisdom."

UNDOUBTEDLY the pathetic orator, who, in the most moving part of his discourse, embarked with tumultuous sobs, and was unable to proceed for his weeping audience, was not the first who was taken considerably shaken by the confession of the lodger who, in the middle of the night, was awakened by the cry of "Fire!"

THERE is probably a good deal more point than gallantry in the question we have heard asked, why it is that women are more ready to forgive men who have wronged them than men are to forgive women, while it is thought plainly correct for the latter to entertain a feeling of the most implacable resentment.

A MAN riding a mare followed by a colt, undertook to cross the natural stream a stream. Passing himself swept away by the current, he left the mare to her fate, and knew that she would swim ashore with her colt. But the mare called out to him to let the colt go and stick the tail. "No, no," was the wise reply, "I can't do that."

IT has been said of a very long-nosed and short-sighted gentleman, that he could not see the end that he went with his pen. And it has been thought a pity that such a good-natured man should be such a loser just when so long as the Dutchman's.

An old Greek author says that Cambize ate his wife and, in the morning, found her hands in his mouth. It is rather to be feared that the Greek author must only finds the hands of his shrewish wife in his throat without having eaten them.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE paper talks of a spear of grass. The editor has evidently been out in the country the other day, having, for the first time, invented a watch, and carefully counted the number of blades in a square, to try the measure of half per cent.

THE Boston *Post* says the printing of several fashionable ladies on the streets, who, upon the giving way of a part of their dress, have been seen to run precipitately at the thought that they were taken for sashes. The reporter, however, is not to be believed.

THE new contact with truth it seems to us, would be best to start with a new paper. Let it be called the Ledger, of a well, and, if they were printed down after it, their subscribers would be sure to find it at the bottom.

THE last accounts from Paris give some indications of thinning out. In the case of the Communists, of course, hate to have the Parisians take us, though we have not yet come to think the Communists.

THE editor of the Texas Chronicle says that he has received a cherry pie with a crust of unusual thickness, so we suppose. We need a long time ago that

"Pie crust is made to be broken, and not to walk."

We once heard it said of a very dull but good-natured man, that he was a wonderful person to get out of a crowd, as then it would be impossible to keep him out of company.

A FRIEND of ours says that it is his will to speak well of the dead, because they can't answer back and think. It is our will, too, and, what is more, we love.

IF a trader, a sailor, a lawyer, and the ancestors of a gentleman were on board of their craft of some, but no one knew which was the craft.

THE Fort Gibson Herald wants to know "what the poor fellows will do when the Redbirds are robbed." It is a question that we have not the time to hear to it.

A FIRE writer in a Minnesota paper boasts that there is not a single drunkard in it. The number of sheets that he is an old sailor.

A CONTEMPORARY has founded on mutual esteem. It cannot exist long among the virtuous, for it company, like a dog, dies when deprived of its master.

GOUT, undoubtedly, is sometimes the father's sin entailed upon the son, but it is much more frequently the child of one's own sins visiting its father.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN named Curtis, from the rural districts, who was stopping at Saratoga, was robbed of $1,000 in bills on the night of the 14th inst. of forming it off. The money was found in the pocket-book belonging to Curtis, which was filled his room to suffocation.

THOMAS girls, from seventeen to twenty-two years of age, have been employed in the newspaper room in Rochester, Minnesota, for a month that they have been employed in the newspaper room in Rochester.

A MAN in New Jersey, who was in the habit of beating his wife, was arrested on the complaint of temperance neighbors, placed under a shot-gun bond, and sent to jail. He refused to give the required bond, and says there will be promised to behave himself in future.

IT is reported in Washington that the Queen of India will send the British Government fifty millions of dollars, when Empire receives the money, and the new empire will be taken upon the mirrors, and that India, with the Queen, will be a part of the British Government.

A MAN named Stiegel, residing in Kentucky, not long since, was found in a field with his throat cut and his body with a club with his dead. Her silence was, telling him that he was dead, and that he was dead, and that he was dead.

A WOMAN living on the farm of Mr. Wrather, of Hutchinson, Tennessee, is a fit of despondency killed herself with strychnine, by dissolving the poison in the drug in a well, and then being herself on the pole on which the bucket hangs.

THE proposed to observe the one-hundredth birth day of Ida Fayette, which will occur on the ninth of December next, at the residence of her daughter in the United States.

BLACK squirrels are so numerous in some parts of Ohio, that they are shooting sometimes and make good fare among the people. The fur is very fine, being black, and often will fine loop to slip such, in a day.

A FEW mornings since, the papers contained accounts of seven murders that had been committed the aforesaid and eight previous.

AN intemperate woman, named Mary Mullens, was recently found dead in a ditch near the Grand Junction street, and her body half drowned by rain.

A FRENCH scientist says that recently, near Lyons, a little cloud, no bigger than his hand, killed a peasant woman, by dragging a thunderbolt on her head.

CLOE TO CLARA:

A SARATOGA LETTER.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Dear Clara,—I wish you were here;
The pensive east upon earth!
With everything charming, my dear,—
Beaux, bullfrogs, music and mirth!
Such rows of magnificent trees!
Overhanging such beautiful walks,
Where brows may recall, if it please,
And indulge in the exercise of talks!

To go every morning, like geese,
To drink at the favorite Spring;
Or, luminous of water a piece,
It nicely the regular thing!
For such is its wonderful virtue,
Through rather unpleasant at first,
A quantity of it will assert
Some pow should happen to burst!

And then what a sweeping up
What talk about Wilkes and Barry;
How Jacks was spending his cash;
And why Miss Morton should marry!
Of course, my dear Clara,
For many a fox takes delight
But, really, scandal with me
Is nothing to scandal with water!

Apropos of the Spring—have you heard
The quiz of a gentleman here
Is quantity of—I'll not say the word
That fits some was sufficiently queer?
The Spring,—so long it's been flowing,—
With wood is inconnected with—
And derives from its permanent oozing
The title of "Congress" no doubt!

The pleasant to guess at the reason—
The genuine motive which brings
Such all sorts of folks, to the season,
To stop a few days at the Springs.
Some come to partake of the waters,
(The catechist, old fashioned style,)
Some come to dispose of their daughters,
And some to dispose of—themselves!

Some come in exhibit their finery
To new and unerring beholders;
Some come to exhibit their graces,
And some to exhibit their shoulders;
Some come to make people stare
As the elegant dresses they've got;
Some to show what a lady may wear
And, perhaps,—what a lady should not!

Some come to repudiate their fearsome,
And some their funds to recover;
And some for mere love of pleasure;
And some for the pleasure of love!
And some to escape from the cit,
And some to see what is seen;
But most—it is plain to be told—
Come here—because other folks do!

And that, I suppose, is the reason
Why I am enjoying, to-day,
What's called—the height—of the season!
In rather the loftiest way!
Good bye—for now I must stop—
To Dorothy is assumed I engage—
So I'm, for the regular—boy,
But ever most sincerely thine,

CLOE.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Vivia; or, The Secret of Power," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by BONNER BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FLIGHT FROM THE SHADLAND.

"Overtire it !—forever you're begging!—
Overdrive it !—forever you're dragging!—
I myself must not whistle without
Lest I wither by despair !"

—EMERSON.

Estelle had been too strong to die.

With the skilful attention of the village physician, the devoted care of her faithful servant, and the fervent prayers of the parish minister, she had recovered from her long and dangerous illness.

The first use she made of her convalescence was to abandon the Headland House.

Since the first meeting of Lord Montravor to the place, the scene had become insufferable to her. To fly from it, or to lose her reason seemed the only alternative.

Ah! it is comparatively easy thing, in some exalted mood of mind, to endure supreme offering of affection to the shrine of duty—as easy as self-slaughter, if that were required! for the wrench of parting, like the throes of death, is but a short agony! But such voluntary immolation is not self-slaughter, it is more, it is the self-consecration of the living! The heart thus cast off from the love that is its life, does not die! It lives—and of death but the dull anguish of a living tombit cannot die, but continually to live on to years and to suffer. Thus the rare is not in the three stage with temptation and the keen poison of martyrdom, but in the terrible monotony of the daily, gnawing pain of all the after time; in the aching sense of bereavement, loneliness and utter desolation; in the long succession of dreary, weary days that dawn without bringing the blessed relief of comfort—such an added link to the heavy chain of hapless years, that drag the spirit to the dust; years of our heart-breaking years of death in life!

Estelle had thought, when she had severed herself from her lover, that she struggle and the agony were over, and that nothing more was left but the torture of the criminal trial, and the pitiless battery of myriad eyes that had fallen upon her defenceless head, and after that a peaceful rest between her deep affections and her high sense of duty;—after all the temptations thrown out, and trying scenes through which she had been dragged, —even all in frame and exhausted in spirit, she had aroused welcome and *solitude* inviting. She had sighed for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade."

She had sought and found in the Headland such a retreat. The very desolation and desertion of the locality had attracted her. The solitary gloom of the pine woods, the melancholy beat of the tide, and the lonely wash of waters accorded well with her soul's sadness. The melancholy days of Autumn—the saddest in the year?" the incessant weeping of the skies; the unceasing wailing of the wind; the gradual dying of the trees for their ever falling leaves; the monotonous moaning of the sea;—all harmonized with the deep-felt, mournful music of her own spirit.

But this mood was in itself, morbid and temporary. It took but a few days, even had Lord Montravor never arrived at the Headland to break it up.

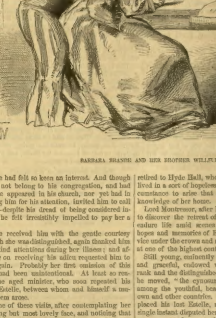
Unexpecting her presence at the house, he had appeared. Unseen by him, she had watched him from her window. Shifting the mighty height of her heart, she had suffered him to depart.

And then had come the crisis of the fever.

After her recovery—to remain upon that post associated with the memory of his short and visit; in that house so void, so lonely, so cheerless without a companion, without an occupation; without an interest in life; to rise each morning without object; to lie down each night without sleep; to put away day after day, week after week, month after month, the longing desire to hear from him, to write to him, to go after him;—to continue such a life and such a mind, was difficult —was impossible.

To save herself from this last worst evil, she resolved to shut up the house and leave the Headland; to go—somewhere, anywhere, she knew not, cared not,—whither!

If her journey should only afford her change of scene, and diversion from one clinging grief—that would be enough.



BARBARA SHANDE AND HIS BROTHER WILLIFIL DISCUSSING THE LATTER'S FUTURE CAREER.

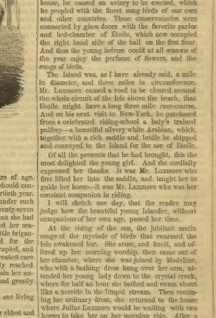
At this extremity of need, when she was scarcely competent to the conducting of her own course, Providence sent her unhoped for aid and advice.

This came in the form of old Mr. Goodloe, the parish clergyman, who had visited, plied, and prayed for her during the days of her illness.

The Reverend Barnabas Goodloe was not a man of any great depth of feeling, breadth of intellect, or extent of experience. But he had passed the greater portion of a long life, in performing the quiet duties of a country clergyman. For forty years he had preached simple sermons to a rustic congregation; had married young men and maidens; christened children; buried the dead;

counselled the living; comforted the afflicted; visited the sick; and relieved the poor, of the parish of Hazelville. But in all his life, so laborsetting an object as Estelle had never crossed his path. In his capacity of clergyman, he had been called to her bedside to pray for her recovery, by Sloma Copperwood, who had a great and saving faith in the effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man," and who ascribed her beloved lady's restoration to health, not so much to the skill of the physician, as to the petitions of the pastor.

But Mr. Goodloe could not forget the sweet pale face, the deep, soft, brown, and gentle manners of the beautiful sufferer, in whom at the very first



And even if in some unguarded hour, when his mask of fair seeming was not fitted closely, Estelle with her fine feminine instinct faintly perceived that he was not in all respects perfect excellence, she quickly suppressed this idea, accusing herself of injustice and all uncharitableness. She absolutely saw nothing wrong in Julius Lummox; there appeared to be no cause for her occasional suspicions of his soundness of integrity, and therefore regarded these suspicions as mere injustice and ungenerous.

For with all her mental and moral wealth—with her strength of intellect and warmth of affection, this beautiful young orphan of the lake, cut off from communication with all the rest of the world, was the most unsophisticated child of nature, entirely innocent of the knowledge of conventional life. If she always moved, spoke, and acted with the most exquisite politeness, it was because her soul was as gracious as her person was graceful. And if sometimes she made quaint mistakes, they were always the natural mistakes of a pure heart that thinketh no evil.

Mr. Lummox had done all that man could do to recommend himself to her good opinion. He taxed his invention to increase her resources of interest and amusement.

In his frequent visits to the cabin of the main land he collected for her the most attractive books, pictures, statistics, vases, and ornamental, useful and economical objects of every description.

At the Island, he had a green-house built and filled with the rarest exotics, that she might enjoy flowers all the year round. Adjoining the greenhouse, he caused an aviary to be erected, which he peopled with the finest song birds of our own and other countries. These conservatories were connected by glass doors with the favorite parlor and bed-chamber of Estelle, which now occupied the right hand side of the hall on the first floor. And thus by young believe could at all seasons of the year enjoy the perfume of flowers, and the song of birds.

The Island was, as I have already said, a mile in distance and three miles in circumference. Mr. Lummox caused a road to be cleared around the whole circuit of the island, for Estelle's use. Estelle might have a long three mile race-course. And on his next visit to New-York, he purchased from a celebrated artist, a beautiful, well trained pulfrey—a beautiful silvery white Arabian, which, together with a rich saddle and bridle he shipped and conveyed to the Island for the use of Estelle.

Of all the presents that he had brought, this the most delighted the young girl. She could cordially expressed her thanks. It was Mr. Lummox who first fixed her on the saddle, and helped her to guide her horse.—It was Mr. Lummox who was her constant companion in riding.

I will sketch one day, that the reader may judge how the beautiful young Islander, without companion of her own age, spent her time.

At the rising of the sun, the jubilant maids ranger of the island would be at the entrance of the pale enclosed her. She arose, and knelt, and offered her morning prayer. Then came out of her chamber, where she was joined by Madeline, who with a bathing dress hung over her arm, attended her young lady down to the crystal creek, where for half an hour she bathed and swam about like a mermaid in the limpid water. Then resuming her ordinary dress, she returned to the house where Julius Lummox would be waiting with the horses to take her on her morning ride. After a gallop of three-quarters of an hour around the island, she would return with a good appetite for breakfast. After the morning meal was over, she would retire to her own parlor, the floor room on the right hand of the passage on the first floor, where she would occupy the long forenoon in reading, drawing, and practising music on the piano or guitar, until one o'clock—when she would go out on the piazza, look for the sloop's groom before returning to dinner at two. After the dinner hour was over, she would again mount and go into her own—yet sitting-room, where she would sit and sew, while Monsieur Hood reclined in his arm-chair, and Julius Lummox read to them both from Milton, Shakespeare, Pollyry, or some other standard English poet or essayist, until the old man fell asleep. They would then leave him to enjoy his nap, and return to the beach, enter the canoe, hoist a sail, and take a sail or two or six miles out on the bay. After a day after which they would return to an early tea. When the evening repast was over, Estelle would take her guitar and sing to her uncle and Lummox on the vine shaded piazza, where they would sit and she would join in the chorus, until the hour of retirement. At ten everybody on the house was in bed.

Thus I have given you as a sample one day of Estelle's life. A sufficiently happy programme for single day; but when day after day, week after week, and month after month, with little variety, passed in this manner, it is not surprising that it should become monotonous and wearisome, and that, notwithstanding all the outward appearances of happiness with which she was surrounded, this beautiful Hindu should sigh for the unknown world beyond, which she could only imagine as such brilliant hues. And when Mr. Lummox, after one of his visits to the mainland, returned, bringing some rare exotic, some beautiful bird, some exquisite picture or ornamental knic, she would receive them with a smile of joy and gratitude that would be quickly followed by a deep sigh of regret, for that would remind her that she was a prisoner amid things came! For if everything that came from that distant land was so much prized, how much more charming must the shore itself be, she reasoned.

And how these and circumstances increased her longing to see the mainland.

But it was during the severest winter months when the beautiful young prisoner of the Island suffered the inhabitants from all the rest of the human race, and all sorts of privations, that the young girl, and the society of Julius Lummox was considered by her most eminent supplicant to the interest of the lonely. During the short days, when they could not venture from the house, Mr. Lummox would play chess or backgammon with the old man all the morning; read to him and to Estelle all the afternoon, and record for their amusement his adventures by sea and land, all the evening. Thus he rendered himself almost indispensable to the house.

It was in the fifth year of Julius Lummox's residence on the Island, that the most unusual event occurred, which shall be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SUTHANDAY.

"Whatever it were no pain to me!
To cull as one, when cull'd all!
Grace comes the same,
Whether in sheaves or single corn,
To glean any fill or even all.
Then like an infant's bowed."

OLD PLAY.

The circumstance alluded to at the close of the last chapter, was the death of Monsieur Henri De La Tête.

It was early in the autumn of the fifth year of

Julius Lazmore's residence on the Island, that the cab had dropped to the other hand. His decrease, as to frequently the case with the extremely aged, was sudden and painless. His death was as characteristic as his life had been beneficent. And this was the manner of his fulfilling setting. Upon the afternoon of the first of October, he had, in company with his sister and his friend, partaken of a slight supper of coffee, cakes and fruit. He lingered a while in the piazza, listening to Elodie's guitar. At the hour of nine, he smiled, laid his hand upon her bright curls, prayed God bless her, and then calling his pet spaniel, he walked out to his favorite arbor seat of late Bourbon roses, to sit and watch the golden moonlight as it grew behind the distant shore of Northumberland. He remained out so much longer than usual, that Madeline went forth to seek him.

She found the old man sitting on the bench; leaning back against the frame of the rose-wreathed arbor, soundly sleeping a sweet sleep. Not a feature of his fair old face was disturbed, not a tress of his silvery hair disheveled. His hands rested together on his lap; a blooming rose remained in his relaxed fingers. His faithful spaniel lay at his feet, quietly looking up into his calm face. His two white puppies were curled one on one pecked upon his shoulder, cooing and pecking fondly at his cheek, the other lying in playful circles around his head. Madeline spoke to the two—twice—thrice—and receiving no answer, took his hand. The fingers fell from the fall to the hand, the form, was icy cold. The loving spirit that had warmed it for so many years, and that had left it for a higher sphere. Such had been his Euthanasy.

Elodie wept vehemently over his death; but the tears of youth are like morning dew or April showers—quickly dried.

He was buried quietly beneath a great old elm tree near the shore. To his own request was expressed wish, no marble tomb expressed the body's last disgregation. Elodie would remember the place and the angel of the resurrection would know where to find him; that was enough, he had said.

By his will, which he had executed during a short sickness at Heathville, when he first suspected the unexpected, and which was duly opened the day after the funeral, it was found that he bequeathed the whole of his estate, except the grand-niece, Elodie L'Orient, and appointed his good friend, Mr. Julius Lazmore, guardian of only his heiress. Not a single allusion to king, kingdom or princess, betrayed his partial insanity. He recalled to the same instrument emancipated his faithful servant Madeleine, and her son Private.

Such was the strange conclusion of the romance may at first sight seem, placed Mr. Lazmore. He had always dreaded the secret influence of Madeleine over her unwilling, without well knowing how to obviate it. Now, however, the way was clear.

And he informed the quadroon that herself and her son being emancipated by their late master's will, must thenceforth quit the Island.

At first, poor Madeleine was dismayed. The mild service of her master had become to her, protection, safety and support. The shores of the Island had benefited her world. She knew no other. To leave the Isle, so shandier per, was unending!—freedom under such conditions struck her as not overwhelming welcome. She actually reversed Calaban's immortal speech, and exclaimed—"Master set free, but this island where I have fully represented to Mr. Lazmore, her strong attachment to her home, and to her young charge, on the one hand, and on the other, her own independence, her helplessness, and her dread of the world of strangers.

But Julius on his side described in glowing colors, the world beyond; Elodie's future, the destinies upon the great advantages it possessed for her advancement, and above all the fine of her beloved son, Private, who also fired the mind of the boy with a vehemence not desire to tread those unknown shores. And touched by the eloquence of her nature, and the superiority of her son, poor Madeline became reconciled to the unexpected to depart.

Mr. Lazmore also voluntarily promised to take the mother and son to New-York, and to procure for them suitable employment.

And Elodie kept his word—being quite willing to put himself to than much inconvenience, for the sake of separating the sweet girl from her charge, and ingratiating himself with Elodie.

For, though the young creature sadly lamented the loss of her "Mamma," she had been long persuaded by Mr. Lazmore, that it was all for Madeleine's good; she was not only emancipated by her partner, but even grateful to him for taking her away.

"You are going to the beautiful world beyond Monsoo," she said, "and some day I, too, shall follow you." And according to the dictates of nature of her nature with a single complaint, the girl had heroically abandoned her progenitor, and forgot the fall at leaving her. When the sail that wafted Madeleine and her son from the shore was lost to view, Elodie abandoned herself to weeping for a while, but on recovering she took herself to task, replying—

"How selfish I am to weep, because Monsoo has gone to the beautiful world beyond! I ought to be glad, because I myself wanted to go there so much." And she repulsed her tears with her handkerchief, and went and got her drawing materials, and occupied herself with painting from memory a portrait of "Mamma."

Mr. Lazmore performed his promise, that is to say, he conveyed the mother and son to the city, and procured for Madeleine the place of chambermaid, and for Private that of errand boy in a third rate hotel, and abandoned them to their fate. Now, whether this change of fortune was conducive of "freedom" by the strictest sense of the Monsieur Henri De L'Isle remains an open question.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ELODIE COMES INTO HER ESTATE.

"How wise are those grave sages throughout the time!
Continually, incessantly,
They thrust, straighten to the true.
—*The Day Dream*: Book II. LOCKSLEY HALL.

Mr. Lazmore returned early in November, bringing many of presents for Elodie, consisting of costly books and pictures, an elegant paint box, furnished with drawing materials, model plaster casts and marble statuettes, an exquisitely proportioned lyre, and a collection of fine engravings.

It was in Elodie's boudoir that these attractive presents were displayed in his delighted eyes.

"Ah! how beautiful! how gracious! how kind, lovely! must be that world, whence all these charming things come!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Lazmore smiled at her ballatination.

"Ah! when shall I too, see that lovely world?"

"When you are married, Elodie."

"When I am married,"—softly repeated this child of nature—"and shall *I* ever be married?"

"Certainly, the case!"

"And to whom shall I be married?" she inquired, looking up in innocent surprise.

"Do you not know then?" asked Julius Lazmore, gazing wistfully into her eyes.

"No, indeed, Mr. Lazmore, no one ever told me," she answered artlessly, without dropping her pure, unconscious eyes.

"I thought you understood that you were destined to be my bride."

"Your bride? No, indeed, I did not know that before, Mr. Lazmore. Did uncle wish it?"

"Certainly, my fair one. Besides it is your interest."

"I need no inducement to obey my dearest uncle, Mr. Lazmore, but when am we to be married then?"

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the innocent creature, with a deep sigh of aspiration.

"But why?" inquired Mr. Lazmore, curiously.

"Oh!" she replied, with another deep inspiration, "because I want to go to the beautiful world beyond it!"

"And you wish to get married that you may go thither?"

"Oh! yes, indeed! she said, clasping her hands fervently, "I long to be married, Mr. Lazmore!"

"In some few months from this."

"So long! Oh, Mr. Lazmore! why can it not be now?"

"Because, my lovely girl, you have not yet reached a marriageable age."

"And what age is that?"

"No matter, my dear, you have not reached it."

"But, oh, Mr. Lazmore, you are very sure that I have read in history, again and again, of princes and princesses married in their childhood, as the Princess Elizabeth of Hungary, and the Prince of Thuringia, and many others."

"But they were princes."

"And are not I a princess?"

"Yes, my pretty one, by virtue of your beauty, graces and goodness, you are a princess; but in no other wise," replied Julius Lazmore, thinking that the time had arrived to undeceive the innocent.

"How, in no other wise?"

Mr. Lazmore proceeded to explain to her that the Island kingdom, king and princess, had been merely a phantasmagoria in the part of her late uncle. Not for the world would Mr. Lazmore have robbed the danger that might have grown out of the misunderstanding in the mind of the child that Monsieur Henri De L'Isle was of unsound mind, and consequently incapacitated to execute the instrument which constituted himself, Julius Lazmore, the guardian of the young heiress and her large estate.

Elodie received the news with less surprise than might have been expected.

"I am satisfied now," she said, "upon a point that for a long time puzzled me."

"And what was that?"

"I used to wonder that our Island in the map of the United States, and I found that it was an adjunct to the State of Maryland. Therefore you see I could not understand how it should be a royal kingdom."

"And you are not much disappointed to find that it is not?"

"Oh, no, no; on the contrary, I am glad to understand clearly my real condition."

"And yet, this one, in some sense our beautiful Island is really a kingdom, and we are the royal occupiers," Julius Lazmore, henceforth always spoke in the first person plural, "and something I believe with Elodie and her estate—it was to accustom her to consider him as a joint proprietor.

"How then, Mr. Lazmore, since our Isle"—(the simple girl followed his lead in the use of the plural pronoun)—"is not a kingdom, how can I consider it as a kingdom in some senses? and how then are we to be married, my uncle?"

"Thus, my sweet. Our Island is our undivided possession, our joint property. We rest of the world —"

"The beautiful world!"—interrupted Elodie.

"Over the beautiful possessions we have no more power than a king has over his kingdom. We can let it, therefore, to whomsoever we please, never we will! A king cannot so dispose of his kingdom."

"No, certainly not."

"And then again, my fair, we have more authority over our people than a sovereign has over his subjects. We can hire, sell, or bequeath any slave, woman or child among them for charge, and over we please. A sovereign cannot so dispose of his subjects."

"Assuredly not; but this superior power we possess over our, should only make us more mindful of our great trust. Is not a king responsible for his dear uncle taught me?"

"He was right!" said the wily Julius, "and that was the reason why I took Madeleine and Private to New-York, where they will be much better off."

"Oh yes, you are so good!" replied the innocent creature, "and she still had a deep gratitude, and wondered why it was that she so often felt sad Mr. Lazmore, when he was so kind to her. And this fine might she blamed as an injustice; the suppression of a sentiment of ingratitude; its confession she seemed to consider almost a duty. Yet the unwillingness to give pain restrained her communication; she resolved to ponder upon what she considered an unthankable feeling. And then her natural kindness, which was ever active, her, were conquered as she. After this little struggle with herself, she spoke again.

"To return to our first subject, Mr. Lazmore, why may not I who am so nearly a princess, have the privilege of choosing my own husband, and go to the beautiful world beyond?

"Is there in the child, with all her gentle and feminine sensibilities a particle of the masculine? And this fine might she blamed as an injustice; the suppression of a sentiment of ingratitude; its confession she seemed to consider almost a duty. Yet the unwillingness to give pain restrained her communication; she resolved to ponder upon what she considered an unthankable feeling. And then her natural kindness, which was ever active, her, were conquered as she. After this little struggle with herself, she spoke again.

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"Is there in the child, with all her gentle and feminine sensibilities a particle of the masculine? Not all the intelligence in the world could make more mindful of our position than Julius Lazmore. Not all the intelligence in the world could make more mindful of our position than Julius Lazmore. And this fine might she blamed as an injustice; the suppression of a sentiment of ingratitude; its confession she seemed to consider almost a duty. Yet the unwillingness to give pain restrained her communication; she resolved to ponder upon what she considered an unthankable feeling. And then her natural kindness, which was ever active, her, were conquered as she. After this little struggle with herself, she spoke again.

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"Is there in the child, with all her gentle and feminine sensibilities a particle of the masculine?

"TIME."

BY TAMAR ANNE HOSMER.

We are passing along the river of Time
Towards the wide and open sea;
One day perchance o'er the glassy tide,
Noon the sun's bright rays are gently glide,
With a curtain hung our barque over-head,
With its bright fair flowers.

The boat paces' always with an eager stir,
Dark clouds o'ershadow our way;
We wonder beneath the heavy gloom is all its
Or whether it rushes past.
While o'er us the turbulent waters cast
Their showers of blinding spray.

Then we ponder—day after day—
How marking on memory's chart;
Our path—now skirting the rocks of fear,
Through sunshine and storm—on, on we steer,
Through hope and joy—through care and fear,
From our course we never depart.

Or, on—the banks at each side recede,
The river flows smooth and wide;
We like a vast land passes away,
And Eternity's waves around us play,
No more we are bound by the floating spray,
At the mercy of wind and tide.

THE BANK VAULT.

FROM A LAWYER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY STEVENS COBB, JR.

I sat in my office, one cool, damp afternoon in spring, engaged in nothing of consequence, I think, I had been looking over a volume of old reports, and had closed the book, and was leaning back upon some of the legal points raised in the work before me. I remember that I was just pulling out my cigar-case, when the door was opened, and a young man presented himself. I recognized him at once. His name was Charles Degrand, and he was the paying teller of our bank. And he is remembered, said "our bank" with an air of his own in the country. At all events, as he was considered by "our people." A man who possessed a share of "the Valley Bank" as he took it, was set down at once as essentially great; and should be in chance to refer to the "Bank Note List" to test its genuineness, he was sure to be asked where he came from. Not to know the sterling worth of the notes of "The Valley Bank, of B——," was to prove one's self unknown.

However, young Degrand came in, and took a seat. He looked pale and weak, and there was a nervous twitching about the face which betrayed great uneasiness.

"What is it?" I asked, seeing that he was at a loss how to commence.

"I'm in a bad fix, sir," he replied, spasmodically.

"Well—go on."

"First, sir," he said, with an energy which at once convinced me of his sincerity, "let me assure you that I am wholly, entirely innocent of any charge laid against me. I am, sir, as true as there is a God above me, who knows what I say, and who reads my inmost thoughts!"

"I believe you," I told him, as I saw that he wished to know what impression he had made.

He seemed very grateful, and then proceeded—

"Upon an examination into the affairs of the bank, yesterday, sir, there were found to be missing seven twenty thousand dollars, and probably more! My books were all straight, and my vouchers all at hand; but I am suspected of having taken the money. Ayes—more than ayes—I am accused of it!"

"But what proof can they bring against you?" I asked.

"Ah! there's the trouble, sir," my visitor answered, with a dubious shake of the head. "I have nearly fifteen thousand dollars in my possession, and Mr. Directors have got the money-bags!"

"Can't you account for the possession of this money?"

"If they would only believe me. For the last five years I have been very fortunate in speculations. I cleared five thousand dollars in the sale of those lots on Warren Hill."

"But Grumby sold those——" said I.

"Yes, sir; but he sold them for me. He only acted as my agent. I did not wish to be known in the matter, so I had reasons for keeping the amount of my possessions in a good deal secret."

I gazed into the young man's face, and he probably thought I was incredulous, for he quickly added—

"Since I took your old, sir, I will tell you all. You wonder why I should wish to keep my wealthy, or a knowledge of it, to myself. You may smile, and you may think me foolish; but I'll tell you why it was: I have been looking upon a certain maiden, in the hope that she might some day become my wife. I have seen those of many in life married life, having had the misfortune to bond with two young couples who had not been really mated. I determined to be careful. I knew that a young man like my——"

He was handsome, and I readily pictured the slight vanity of the allusion.

"——a young man possessing fifteen thousand dollars might be accepted for a husband by one who would have hesitated had he been worth a penniless. That was my sole reason, sir."

"And a very good reason it was, sir," I said; "though I feel confident that if Mary Allen becomes your wife, you will have no occasion for regret."

"You know her, then?" said Degrand, eagerly.

"Yes. And I know her, sir, to be a virtuous maiden."

Charles was grateful; but in a moment more, a cloud came over his face, and with a deep sigh he said—

"Alas! when she hears of this she will turn from me!"

"I wouldn't condemn her without a hearing," I returned. "But let that pass. Can you not prove by the man who have traded for you how your money has come?"

"Grumby has done it all, sir. Five years ago, when I had slid up a thousand dollars, I got him to take it, and let it for me; and from that time to the present, he has done all my business. I put him to lay up five thousand dollars' worth of the notes of the old Lyonna bank. He got them for about fifty cents on the dollar, and I got the face of them. But Grumby has gone to Australia, and where he now is I am unable to tell."

I remembered, now, that Grumby had gone, though I had forgotten it.

Degrand explained to me, as nearly as he could, how the money must have been taken—that is, at what times, and in how large sums. He said an great amount had been taken at any one time, but, in all probability, it had been taken at intervals during the last year. It was only strange that the loss had not been detected before.

I asked who had the charge of overlooking and keeping the balance. He told me that Mr. Warton had done it. He was the President of the bank, and lived right close by.

I knew that Mark Warton was president of "our bank;" and I furthermore knew that Mark Warton was a very stern, religious, and strict man. His house joined the bank, both buildings being in one block.

After Charles Degrand had told me all he had to tell at that time, I informed him that I would help him all I could. He asked me if I thought I could clear him. I told him to keep still, and trust to me. He went away with some hope, but very far from being happy. Half an hour afterwards, Mr. Mark Warton came in. He was a tall, stout, stern-looking man, very precise in all his movements, and seeming to trust no one. He looked upon all his fellows as so many cowboys thieves, who needed only the temptation to lead them astray. He wished me to make out the necessary instruments for the arrest of Charles Degrand. I pleaded a grow of business, and urged him to seek elsewhere. He bowed stiffly, and went away.

As soon as Warton was gone, I sent my boy for Mr. Lane, and on long, that gentleman made his appearance.

Henry Lane was a physic sheriff, and one of the most shrewd and efficient officers I ever knew.

"I just met Mr. Warton," he said, as he had taken a seat, "and he told me he should have a job for me before night."

"He meant to have Charles Degrand arrested," said I.

"Charles Degrand?" repeated Lane, in astonishment. "You don't mean the teller in the bank?"

"Yes—our Charley." And thereupon I explained to him all that I had learned from Degrand.

Lane was indignant. He knew that Charley Degrand never took a dollar that was not honestly his; and he said he wished he could say the same of Mark Warton.

"Doom't Warton go to the city to-morrow?" I asked.

"I think he does," returned Lane. "He is making preparations for a grand tour with his family."

I was aware of this, for I had heard Warton say, only a few days before, that he was going to take a journey. A fine plan it was, I thought, for a man who was about to run away with other people's money!

"Then, Lane," said I, "you must not arrest Degrand upon his guard, and then go and get a search-warrant. Under the circumstances, I will not wish to grant the warrant myself, but I told the officer I was willing to swear as a witness, if he couldn't find another when he came to look for me. I said he would do the best he could, and so left us.

I did not want Degrand arrested. I knew he was not guilty; and I knew, too, that no one else would be apt to leave a stop which would pull him for a long time. But I would not have taken the course, had I not hoped to be able to, in a day or two, prove where the real leak in the bank was.

Just at dark, as I sat alone in my office, my boy having gone to his supper, the door was opened, and a young lady made her appearance. I recognized Mary Allen. She sank into a seat, and then removed her veil. She seemed agitated, but her courage failed her, and she began to weep.

"I know all that you have come to tell me. I have come to ask me if Charles Degrand is guilty."

"What, sir!" she exclaimed, looking full with the vault of the bank! The door was open, and the cashier and his subordinates passed upon us with unfortunately the bank was closed, but the door open for business, so no one saw us save the cashier and his subordinates.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said I, bowing as I passed, and in my heart, for I had not the least space behind the long counter.

"Good morning to mam!" gasped the cashier, "what does this mean?"

"It means, sir, that we have a clue to the man who has been robbing the bank of late."

He opened his eyes wonderfully. He gazed first at me, and then at the vault

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

GENTUS AND TASTE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Frankincense was compared Genius to the Spider, and Taste to the Bee, and expressed his preference for the former.

Where clustering flowers rose with indulgent fair
Enclosed in fragrance, a flower lies fair.
And there, a bee lingers, for glittering sun
From beauties to beauties, unheeding, they flew:

Then an eye which the means of science explored,
Beheld where those insects sported and fed;
And on the soft bosom was that preference paid
From a fly, by the spirit of clear-sighted Intellect.

"Over blossoms which Nature in tenderness spreads
How lightly that one sipping scents hath flew!
From the treasures of others he rides the wind!
And rests in hearts that were never her own.

"But thou, silent one, reveal the glitter thou,
With patience, thy web of enchantment doth weave,
And soon when its tissues are ravaged and torn,
From hands unconscious, the loss can repair!

—Oh! name be that dexterous, that sagacious art
Which from darkness and rain on work can derive!
Yet, mine be the gift of a heart which can feel
And see by the glimmer of others to love.

"For worms eat the day, but the night receives not
To rain the garden, with unseen strife,—
For the curious she leaves o'er the unclean spot,
Fills a casket of sweets for the more fastidious life."

Hartford, July 16, 1837.

A BACKWOODS HEROINE.

BY AN ILLINOIS PIONEER.

During the celebrated Black Hawk war, the Indians attacked a small town in Illinois, at mid night, massacred the men and most of the women and children, and took the women captive into the wilderness. The names of three unfortunate creatures were Mrs. Foake, Mrs. Jenkins, Miss Cobb, Miss Martin and Miss Hess. Mrs. Foake was a large woman, of great strength and with the courage of a lion. Miss Hess was very weak, very fragile, and in poor health. The other three captives were of ordinary stature, both body and mind.

When the party struck into the woods, by the light of the blazing cabins, the captive women were heavily laden with the spoils of their own homes, which they were obliged to bear for the benefit of their captors. All but Miss Hess managed to keep pace with the savages, but that poor girl's strength utterly failed her after the first half-hour, and with a weary moan she sank upon the ground. A ferocious savage at once approached her with uplifted tomahawk. Perceiving her peril, she made a frantic effort to rise, but her whole body, despite her burden, she succeeded in doing. But it was the last struggle of her exhausted nature. After staggering a few yards, she fell helplessly to the ground. Again the savage quickly lowered the hatchet to tomahawk it to death. Uttering a wild cry, the poor girl tried to shield her head with her hands. But the tomahawk descended, and cut through them as through they had been paper, and sunk into the brain. She fell a corpse, and with the wife terror, pressed hurriedly on; and their fear was still more increased by the sight of what, soon after, the Indian savage rushed past them, waving in triumph the reeking scalp of their murdered slave.

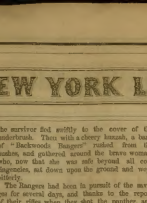
It would be too sickening a tale were we to narrate all the particulars of the murder and death of these poor women who, one after another, shrieking under their burdens, were tomahawked and scalped by the same brutal savage, and their bodies left lying in the forest. At the close of the affair, Mrs. Foake was the only one survivor of them all; the savages, admiring her strength and calm courage, complimented her in a manner very characteristic of the other "palo-faced squaws," and began to treat her with more respect. She was permitted to eat a good supper and a couple of hour skins were given her to rest on. She awoke in the morning much refreshed, and after eating a hearty breakfast, was about to resume her heavy pack, when the chief of the party told her she need not carry it further. She exhibited no sign of pleasure at this apparent good fortune, as she knew that savage greatly admires a stoical indifference alike to good and ill; and she wished him to think as well as possible of her, as she had determined to seize the first opportunity to avenge the murder of her companions.

On the morning of the tenth day, the party of savages separated; four going on with her, and the rest with a large and increasing drove, being left to the chief's striking off in another direction. Her spirits rose. At last the hour was come. That night, after making a fire and cooking their supper, the Indians, who had been drinking freely with their cheerfulness, the savages lay down to rest without setting a sentinel, but not before they had taken the precaution to bind their captive's hands and feet with a stout cord. As soon as all was still, the heroic woman began to work to and fro with her arms as she could release them. Joy! joy! the cord relaxes! Free hand, though with numbness and pain, from the fastening, and soon she is free!

Cautiously moving round, she discovers the four Indians lying asleep, with their heads to the fire, and all near together. Stealthily as a leopardess, she crawls towards them, and reaches the other side of the one nearest her, and gently draws his tomahawk from his belt. In a few moments more that lifted Miss Ross—that killed all four of the poor helpless sisters; and from his girdle are hung their scalps. Putting down the tomahawk, the hawk with her muscular arm, she measures the position of the savages with a glance, and by the situation which brings them all within her reach, and from dark form stupid there, she sees that four more are beyond the power of harming her more. But are she can strike the fourth, he awakes, and springs up his feet. She does not utter a exaggerated blast, however, before he can draw his weapon, and following her advantage, she strikes him down, and he, soon lies dead at her feet.

As soon as she felt that she was victorious, the heroic woman's strength forsook her, and she took precautions to the ground. But she soon rallied, and taking the scalps of her slain companions from their murderer's girdle, and securing a tomahawk and knife, she began to consider what course she should marry without bestowing herself, she set out on her return to the borders of civilization. Before she occurred to retard her progress as to accommodate her, and the absence of the wounds day. She was just about entering a small wood, when across it, when she was startled by a fierce growl, and on looking about, she saw at a little distance on the opposite side of the wood the ferocious dog of the chief who commanded the party that had fallen her and her now murdered neighbors prisoners. At sight of the well-known brute, she knew Brandon's heart sank within her. She knew that his chief, and perhaps his party, must be near at hand, and that she should in all probability be retaken, and her killing of the four Indians discovered. And she knew enough of the Indian character to be aware that the slaughter of their comrades would be terribly avenged upon herself. She stood in the water of the brook as these thoughts flashed through her mind, watching the behavior of the dog, by which she expected soon to be attacked. In a few moments he uttered a fierce growl, and rushed towards her. She raised the tomahawk and stood on the defensive; but a dollywater she little dreamed of was at hand. When the dog had come within a couple of rods of the brook, a huge panther suddenly springing from the overhanging branches of a tree alighted on his back, and a desperate struggle at once began.

Mrs. Foake knowing that the cries of the brute would soon bring the savages to the spot, did not stop to see which would be the victor, but stepping into the middle of the brook, she ran down stream as fast as she could go, until the sound of the struggle had succeeded in challenging her utmost breath. After an exhausting struggle, she succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, and making a desperate effort, succeeded in clambering up it, leaving her footsteps to guide pursuers.



This accomplished, she soon reached the trunk of the tree, ascended some distance, broke off a limb, and making a strong branch for a seat, sat down to await the issue of events. Presently the panther came, bearing the dog to be the panther's victim, which would close the conflict, and then he, or she should have passed directly under the tree in which he was lurking.

In a few minutes she heard the report of a rifle, then another, and then a third. She knew by this that the Indians had arrived in sight of the dog and panther, and had shot the latter. Now, if the savages should pass the branch as they came, she entered it, and behold the track of her footsteps, her detection would be almost certain. Her utmost, nerved by the energies of despair, she sat with uncle's rifle, and upon